THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."—JESUS CHRIST.

No. 53. Vol. XXXI. Wednesday, December 29, 1869. Price One Penny.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 833.]

THE town of Ismaila, placed midway between the two seas, and connected by railway with Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez, is intended to be the central depôt from which the produce of Egypt will be despatched by the canal. Here it is proposed to erect wharves and piers for the reception of goods and loading of ships, and the expanse of the lake supplies a natural dock in which the ships using the canal may lie without danger or inconvenience. But all this has yet to be done. The lake is there, but the wharves and piers have yet to be built, and the lake itself will require considerable dredging in many places before it can be considered fit for the reception of the largest class of merchant steamers.

The rest of the day was spent in the festivities which were here displayed with a boundless prodigality, and were shared by thousands of self-invited guests who reckoned with confidence upon the profuse hospitality of the Khedive.

There, in the midst of the wilderness, tables were spread, at which thousands of men of every race, colour, and language, from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Pacific Ocean, were feasted upon the choicest dishes and most delicate wines that Parisian skill could furnish; and when at night we met in the palace, which had risen like an exhalation on the bosom of the desert, to congratulate each other on the successful prosecution of our voyage thus far, and, passing through rooms crowded with princes, soldiers, and statesmen, blazing with uniforms and glittering with decorations, looked out beyond the long line of many-coloured lights which marked the streets of the town upon the waters of the lake, shining like silver in the moonlight and crowded with shipping, it was hard to persuade oneself that we were not walking in a dream which the first touch of morning would dispel.

We left lake Timsah the following morning, Friday, the 19th November, at noon, for Suez. Before starting, a number of Swedish officers came on board, and from the first lieutenant of the *Venadis* I learnt that the Norwegian frigate *North Star*, drawing a little over 18 feet, had passed safely up the previous evening from Port Said to Ismaila. His own vessel, drawing 21 feet, had been left at Port Said.

The exit from Lake Timsah into the canal is very bad. The channel is shallow, and obstructed by a sandbank, which renders the navigation at this point difficult for large ships. This, coupled with the peculiar seamanship of the Arab crews, speedily threw the squadron into confusion. Our immediate predecessor, after yawing wildly about, touched the bank and stopped, compelling us to stop also. A fresh breeze was blowing off the land, which

canted the head of our vessel round, and in another minute or two we were fast upon the bank. Close behind us were two or three steamers in a similar plight, and for more than an hour the situation was very discouraging. Our captain—who, like most of the Egyptians I met, had an intense dislike for the French, the canal, and everything connected with it—swore at the crew and the canal, wrung his hands, and, to our inexpressible amazement, commenced pitching his coals overboard into the canal.

At length, after a series of eccentric manœuvres, and scooping out the side of the bank with our paddles, we floated into deep water and proceeded on our way. This part of the canal was by far the worst we had seen, and how it could have been left in its present state was a riddle to us all. Either it had never been excavated to its proper width, or it had become choked with subsequent deposits, and in either case the straightening and widening of the channel at this point is absolutely necessary before vessels of large tonnage can pass with certainty. I need scarcely remark upon the consequences which will ensue if the example of our captain in flinging his coals into the canal is generally followed. The whole incident illustrates the difficulty, when dealing with Arab and Egyptian crews, of compelling our observance of the sailing rules, and shows the necessity of a watchful supervision to prevent acts which would be fatal to the maintenance of deep water in the channel. Between Lake Timsah and Serapeum the canal narrows to a width of about 140 feet through a deep cutting of sand. Here we noticed the first serious slip of the bank.

For a distance of about 100 yards the sand had slipped forward into the canal, and showed a nearly vertical wall of about ten feet high. There was, however, ample depth of water, and we steamed without difficulty through the cutting which, straight as a line, leads past Serapeum to the Bitter Lakes.

It was at Serapeum that, at the last moment, the spur of rock was unexpectedly discovered which caused so much anxiety and misgiving to the promoters of the canal. By the most energetic labour a depth of 17 feet has been secured at this point, but the blasting of the rock under water is a most tedious and expensive process, and several months must probably elapse before vessels drawing 20 feet can safely pass this point of the canal.

The sun was setting when we reached the Bitter Lakes, and here burst upon my eyes a sight which nothing I had heard of had prepared me to expect, and which I fear no description of mine can at all adequately portray.

Far as the eye could reach to the south-east rolled a vast inland sea, bounded on one side by the long, rolling, sandy plains, which stretch eastward to the Arabian Desert, and on the west and south by the rocky wall of Geneffe, and the still more massive barrier of Ghebel Attaka.

The total length was about 25 miles, a greater distance than that which separates England from France; and its breadth in the widest part appeared to be about six to eight miles.

We were sailing upon a sea of more than 120 square miles in surface, and there was no question here of depth, for the natural bottom was 20 to 30 feet below the mean level of the Mediterranean. Our course was marked, not, as hitherto, by posts, but by lighthouses, round which we curved, and after steaming about two hours anchored for the night.

There was a brilliant illumination of the fleet, and as we watched the line of light which traced our mast and spar against the dark blue sky, and listened to the waves rippling against the bows of our ship, it seemed incredible to be told by an eminent engineer on board that within twelve months he had galloped from end to end dryshod where to-night the British navy might have ridden in safety. The thing was incredible, yet true. The feeling we had experienced at Ismaila returned with redoubled force. We had passed into a land of wonders where nothing seemed impossible, and all we had read of romance and fable seemed weak and tame compared with the marvellous spectacle before our eyes.

The general opinion is that long ages ago these lakes formed the head of the Red Sea, and that the neck of land now intervening having been gradually raised by geologic causes the water

was evaporated by the fierce African sun, leaving a depression in the sand some thirty feet deep, covered with a crust of salt, with here and there a shallow pool of intensely strong brine. I had heard much of these lakes before I left England. Ingenious calculators had demonstrated, at least to their own satisfaction, that they never possibly could be filled, and that the ceaseless evaporation going on in them would drain the canal of whatever water might flow in from the sea. What a satire upon these predictions was the flood which rolled around!

We started again early on Saturday, the 20th, for Suez, and, passing through the smaller lake, entered the last cutting of the canal.

I had heard so many unfavourable reports of this part of the work that I was agreeably disappointed with its appearance. It was narrow, apparently not more than 140 feet in width, but the excavation was made through a tenacious mud, mixed with sand and gravel, so compact that I saw the labourers at work digging it with an implement resembling half a pickaxe.

The banks sloped gently to the water at an incline of about one in four, and the whole appearance and finish of the embankment showed a greater solidity and permanence than I had elsewhere observed.

But the most noticeable thing was the strong current, which at this point was running in from the Red Sea at a speed of about four miles an hour.

These currents had been a matter of anxious study to the scientific men with whom I travelled through the canal.

Between Port Said and Lake Timsah we had noticed with surprise a current running outwards to the Mediterranean at the rate of about three-quarters of a mile an hour.

In the Bitter Lakes we were unable to detect any current other than that caused by the action of the wind. Here, however, was a current of remarkable velocity running northwards, and its probable cause and effects were matters of earnest discussion amongst those on board our steamer.

The general conclusion appeared to be that the current was due to the difference between the high-water level of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, amounting at spring tides to about five or six feet, and the diminution of its velocity after passing into the Bitter Lakes may be accounted for by the evaporation and absorption constantly going on in that immense sandy basin. The effect would undoubtedly be to increase the scour upon the sides and bottom of that portion of the canal, and to deposit the material so carried in the bed of the Bitter Lakes.

But our journey was now completed. Groups of labourers and others were cheering from the banks, waving handkerchiefs, and firing guns. Salvoes of artillery at Suez announced the successful arrival of the imperial and royal personages who led the van, and at noon on Saturday, Nov. 20, the geographical problem of 30 centuries was solved, and the fleet which had left the Mediterranean on the 17th was anchored in the waters of the Red Sea.

Before concluding, there are three points upon which I feel I ought to touch for a moment. 1st, the present state of the canal, and its utility as an existing channel of communication with the East; 2nd, the cost and difficulty of completing and maintaining it; and, lastly, the prospect of a suitable return for the capital expended upon it.

As regards the present state of the canal, the only true test is the actual draught of water of the vessels which have passed through. Mere statements of tonnage are totally delusive, for the reason already pointed out, and soundings are not to be wholly relied on, since everything depends upon the place in which they are taken, and the distance from the centre of the channel.

Now the vessel of deepest draught, so far as I know, which passed through the canal from sea to sea was the Messageries steamer *Peluse*, drawing 16 feet, and the vessel of the deepest draught which reached Ismaila was the *North Star*, drawing 18 feet. I therefore conclude that the canal is at present practicable for vessels drawing not more than 16 feet of water; and as the rocky patch at Serapeum is the only place where there is less than 18

feet, I see no reason why in three months' time vessels drawing 18 feet should not pass with safety from sea to sea.

Secondly, as regards the completion of the canal, it seems to me that the difficulties are the same in kind but far less in degree than those which already have been successfully surmounted, and, having had the advantage of travelling in the company of engineers of the highest European eminence, I found that the men who have had the largest experience in the construction of similar works expressed the greatest confidence in the practicability of the scheme. Upon the question of cost there was a wide difference of opinion. For myself, looking at what has been done and the cost of doing it, and of what remains to be done before the canal is completed according to the original design of its projectors, I think an additional expenditure of 25 per cent. will be required to place the works in a state of permanence. This per centage upon a capital of sixteen millions would represent a sum of four millions. The majority of the English engineers whom I consulted estimate the cost at about five millions; but, on the other hand, I was assured upon very high authority that M. Levalley, the eminent French contractor, had offered to complete the canal for two and a half millions sterling.

The difficulties in maintaining the canal may be summed up in these:—

1. The silting up of the harbour of Port Said.
2. The destruction of the banks by the wash from the steamers.
3. The loss of water by evaporation and absorption, especially in the Bitter Lakes.
4. The filling of the canal by shifting sands; and
5. The perils of the navigation of the Red Sea.

First, as regards the silting at Port Said, I believe it may be necessary either to fill up permanently the interstices between the blocks which form the western breakwater, or dredge away the bank as it is formed. Either course is practicable, and might be taken at a moderate expense.

Secondly, with respect to the injury of the banks by wash, I think it may be necessary, in several portions of the canal, to reduce the slope of the banks, and to pitch them with stone to a height of two or three feet above the water-line. This is already being done between Suez and the Bitter Lakes. There are inexhaustible supplies of stone in the mountains near Suez, and now that the canal is open the cost of transport would be trifling.

Third, the fear of the canal drying up by evaporation I regard as chimerical. No man who saw the Bitter Lakes and the current flowing in from the Red Sea could entertain such a notion.

Fourth, the filling of the canal by shifting sands is a real danger, though greatly exaggerated. Of the 100 miles which form the entire length of the canal, about 57 miles are made through lakes which have existed as natural basins for at least 2,000 years without being filled with sand. Of the remaining 43 miles the greater part consists of a mixture of sand and gravel, in consistency resembling more a garden walk than the fine loose material which is popularly supposed to form the desert.

In those places where such loose shifting sand exists, constant dredging will be necessary after storms of wind; and I have no doubt whatever that the enormous machines which were ranged along the bank of the canal as I passed will dredge out in a month all the sand which is likely to be blown in in a year.

Upon the last point, the navigation of the Red Sea, I do not profess myself able to give an opinion. From all I could gather from those most familiar with it, the opinion was that it was unsuited to sailing vessels, which would require to be towed from Port Said to Aden, a distance of some 1,400 miles. But there seemed no reason why it should not be as safely traversed by merchant steamers as it is now by the mail boats of the Peninsular and Oriental Company; and the first result of the opening of the route would be an improved survey and buoying and lighting of the channel.

As regards the cost of maintaining the canal when completed, an eminent English engineer on board estimated

it at £60,000 per annum. I should have thought at least £100,000 would be required; but I was told that M. Levalley was willing to contract for its maintenance at £40,000 a year.

Finally, as regards the prospects of the canal as a paying investment, I confess myself unable as yet to arrive at a satisfactory opinion.

Everybody must desire that the men who have projected and so far accomplished this stupendous work should receive the reward of their sagacity and enterprise; but dividends are not governed by sentiment, and we must remember that the cost of constructing the canal is already double the original estimate, and that a large further sum must be spent before it can be considered complete. Until this is done, the diversion of trade from the route round the Cape, on which M. Lesseps relies, must be gradual and slow; and, though I do not now doubt that the canal is destined ultimately to become the great artery of commerce between Europe and the East, yet to investers the question of time is vital, and the canal may be one of those undertakings which ruin their projectors whilst they enrich mankind.

I cannot conclude this account without publicly expressing my sense of the unbounded hospitality which, from the day of my landing in Egypt to my departure, I experienced from the Khedive, and the uniform courtesy and attention displayed by every official, from the highest to the lowest.

True there were drawbacks. The very sumptuousness of the preparations made for our comfort invited a swarm of unbidden guests, who spread like locusts over the land, devouring the subsistence provided for others. But these were trifling defects which one remembers only with a smile. That which nothing can efface is the impression of a spectacle unparalleled in the history of the world; and, whatever may be the fortunes of the canal and its projectors, never was a grander enterprise inaugurated with a more profuse and splendid hospitality.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1869.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME AND THE YEAR.

THIS is the concluding Number of the present Volume of the STAR, and the last issue for this year of our Lord, 1869. Among the things for which this present year will be noted are the assembling of a Roman Catholic General Council at Rome, the first for three hundred years past; the opening of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez, thus uniting for ocean navigation the Mediterranean and Red Seas; the opening of the Pacific Railroad through the heart of the Salt Lake Valley and uniting with iron bands the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the consequent influx of tourists to Salt Lake City and the attempted instigation in the United States of another crusade against the people of Utah; the commencement of sending the gathering Saints from Europe to the Valleys of Zion wholly by steamship and railroad within the travelling space of less than three weeks; the sending into the United States east of the mountains a larger number of Missionary Elders than for many

years past; and the successful establishment of the principle of co-operation in the cities and settlements of Utah.

In the contemplation of the passing events from year to year, the Saints can feel encouraged to continued faithfulness in keeping the commandments of the Lord and in the practice of the principles of righteousness, from a consciousness that He is working among the nations to accomplish His great and mighty purposes, and that every successive revolution of the spheres brings nearer and nearer that long and much desired time when men will be rewarded according to their deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil.

We wish all our readers the usual compliments of this festive season, and that 1870 will be the best and happiest year of their lives so far, but that each subsequent and succeeding year will be still better and happier to them than its predecessor.

COLFAX CRITICIZED.

A LETTER BY ELDER JOHN TAYLOR.

[CONCLUUED FROM PAGE 830.]

Let me here respectfully ask with all sincerity, Is there not plenty of scope for the action of Government at home? What of your gambling hells? What of your gold rings, your whiskey rings, your railroad rings, manipulated through the lobby into your Congressional rings. What of that great moral curse of the land, that great institution of monogamy—*Prostitution*? What of its twin sister—*Infanticide*? I speak to you as a friend. Know ye not that these seething infamies are corrupting and destroying your people? and that like the plague they are permeating your whole social system? that from your gilded palaces to your most filthy purlieus, they are festering and stewing and rotting? What of the thirty thousand prostitutes of New York City and the proportionate numbers of other cities, towns, and villages, and their multitudinous pimps and paramours, who are of course, all, all honourable men! Here is ample room for the Christian, the philanthropist, and the statesman. Would it not be well to cleanse your own Augean stables? What of the blasted hopes, the tortured and crushed feelings of the thousands of your wives whose whole lives are blighted through your intrigues and lasciviousness? What of the humiliation of your sons and daughters from whom you cannot hide your shame? What of the thousands of houseless and homeless children thrown ruthlessly, helplessly, and disgracefully upon the world as outcasts from society, whose fathers and mothers are alike ashamed of them and heartlessly throw them upon the public bounty, the living memorials of your infamy? What of your infanticide, with its murderous, horrid, unnatural, disgusting, and damning consequences? Can you legislate for these monogamic crimes, or shall Madame Restell and her pupils continue their public murders and no redress? Shall your fair daughters, the princesses of America, ruthlessly go on in sacrificing their noble children on the altar of this moloch—this demon? Where are we drifting to? This "bonehouse," this "powder magazine" is not in Salt Lake City, a thousand miles from your frontiers; it is in your own cities and towns, villages and homes. It carouses in your secret chambers, and flaunts in the public highway; it meets you in every corner, and besets you in every condition. Your infirmaries and hospitals are reeking with it; your sons and daughters, your wives and husbands are degraded by it. It extends from Louisiana to Minnesota, and from Maine to California. You can't hide yourselves from it; it meets you in your

magazines and newspapers, and is disgustingly placarded on your walls—a living, breathing, loathsome, festering, damning evil. It runs through your very blood, stares out of your eyes and stamps its horrid mark on your features, as indelibly as the mark of Cain; it curses your posterity, it runs riot in the land, withering, blighting, corroding and corrupting the life blood of the nation.

Ye American statesmen, will you allow this demon to run riot in the land, and while you are speculating about a little political capital to be made of Utah, allow your nation to be emasculated and destroyed? Is it not humiliating that these enormities should exist in your midst, and you, as statesmen, as legislators, as municipal and town authorities, as clergymen, reformers, and philanthropists, acknowledge yourselves powerless to stop these damning crimes that are gnawing at the very vitals of the most magnificent nation on the earth? We can teach you a lesson in this matter, polygamists as we are. You acknowledge one wife and her children; what of your other associations unacknowledged? We acknowledge and maintain all our wives and all of our children; we don't keep a few only, and turn the others out as outcasts, to be provided for by orphan asylums, or turned as vagabonds on the street to help to increase the fearfully growing evil. Our actions are all honest, open and above board. We have no gambling hells, no drunkenness, no infanticide, no houses of assignation, no prostitutes. Our wives are not afraid of our intrigues and debauchery; nor are our wives and daughters corrupted by designing and unprincipled villains. We believe in the chastity and virtue of women, and maintain them. There is not to-day, in the wide world, a place where female honour, virtue, and chastity, are so well protected as in Utah. Would you have us, I am sure you would not, on reflection, reverse the order of God, and exchange the sobriety, the chastity, the virtue, and honour of our institutions, for yours, that are so debasing, dishonourable, corrupting, defaming, and destructive? We have fled from these things, and with great trouble and care have purged ourselves from your evils. Do not try to legislate them upon us nor seek to engulf us in your damning vices.

You may say, "It is not against your purity that we contend; but against polygamy, which we consider a crying evil." Be it so. Why then, if your system is so much better, does it not bring forth better fruits? Polygamy, it would seem, is the parent of chastity, honour, and virtue; monogamy the author of vice, dishonour, and corruption. But you would argue these evils are not our religion; "we that are virtuous, are as much opposed to vice and corruption as you are." Then why don't you control it? We can and do. You have your Christian Associations, your Magdalen and Temperance Associations, all of which are praiseworthy. Your cities and towns are full of churches, and you swarm with male and female lecturers, and ministers of all denominations. You have your press, your national and state legislatures, your police, your municipal and town authorities, your courts, your prisons, your armies, all under the direction of Christian monogamists. You are a nation of Christians. Why are these things not stopped? You possess the moral, the religious, the civil and military power, but you don't accomplish it. It is too much to say, "Take the beam out of thine own eye and then shalt thou see clearly to remove the mote that is in thy brother's?"

Respectfully, &c.,

JOHN TAYLOR.

An old Kanaka says that the natives of the Sandwich Islands worshipped Captain Cook, but he seduced the daughter of one of their principal chiefs, notwithstanding his acceptance of divine honours, and the natives were indignant also because of the corrupt behaviour of Cook's men, so they killed him.

UTAH NEWS.

THE following are from the *Deseret News* to Dec. 8th:—

Snow from two to seven inches deep in the Utah valleys.

Messrs. Miles and Jones had established a co-operative brush establishment at Salt Lake City.

A few bands of men were at work on the Cottonwood Canal, more were to be put to work soon, and the water was to be run in ere long.

Brother W. M. Bramley, of Springville, wrote Nov. 29, that lumber was being hauled from Hobble Creek canon for the mill and factory at Provo. Co-operation was flourishing and general peace prevailed.

Dr. Anderson, assisted by Drs. Richards, Fowler and Tait, performed the operation of t hotomy on a nine year old boy of Brother Calvin Morris, of Battle Creek. The stone emo ved weighed half an ounce.

"Bloomington" wrote from Bloomington, Rich County, Oct. 23, that sufficient grain had been raised in Bear Lake Valley to meet the wants of the inhabitants, and the potatoe crop was excellent. A number of the brethren were working on the new road *via* Logan canon.

A Conference of the Southern Mission was held at St. George, Nov. 5th, 6th, and 7th. The Conference was addressed by President E. Snow and Elders Marius Ensign, William Snow, Jesse W. Crosby, junr., John E. Pace, James [illegible], Meltiah Hatch, Hezh Harriman, Joseph W. Young, and D. H. Cannon. Mokron and Clover Valley were constituted a ward, with Geo. H. Crosby bishop. Fort Hamblin and the Little Pinto Iron Works were united with Pinto Ward. Harrisburg and Leeds were attached to Toquerville. Wm. F. Butler was appointed a mission to the States. John W. Freeman was appointed to take charge of Washington, and Adolphus R. Whitehead to be his counsellor and assistant. Bishop James Leithead said St. Thomas had a population of about 200 souls. The crops were light the past season, owing to the drought, but the average of wheat per acre, under favourable circumstances, was 25 bushels.

ADDRESSES.

L. W. Richards, 8, Fifth Row, George Town, Tredegar, Monmouthshire,

L. M. Grant,
Chauncey W. West, jun., } Am Altenberg, 153 C, Bern, Switzerland.

DIED.

GUNN.—At Salt Lake City, Nov. 26, Priscilla Barham, daughter of John and Caroline Barham Gunn aged 9 years, 8 months, and 17 days.—"Deseret News."

DAVIS.—At Springville, Nov. 27, Eliza Haywood Hallett, wife of Jordan J. Davis.—"Deseret News."

GRAY.—At Lambeth, Surrey, Dec. 11, Emeline Jane, daughter of Albert Lewis and Elizabeth Anne Gray, aged 2 years and 9 months.

BLACK.—At Dundee, Forfarshire, Scotland, Dec. 18, Ann, wife of William Black, aged 55 years, 3 months, and 4 days.—"Deseret News," please copy.

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LIVERPOOL:

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ALBERT CARRINGTON, 42, ISLINGTON.

LONDON:

FOR SALE AT THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' BOOK DEPOT, 30, BISHOP'S GROVE, ISLINGTON, AND BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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LET me here respectfully ask with all sincerity, Is there not plenty of scope for the action of Government at home? What of your gambling hells? What of your gold rings, your whiskey rings, your railroad rings, manipulated through the lobby into your Congressional rings. What of that great moral curse of the land, that great institution of monogamy—*Prostitution*? What of its twin sister—*Infanticide*? I speak to you as a friend. Know ye not that these seething infamies are corrupting and destroying your people? and that like the plague they are permeating your whole social system? that from your gilded palaces to your most filthy purlieus, they are festering and stewing and rotting? What of the thirty thousand prostitutes of New York City and the proportionate numbers of other cities, towns, and villages, and their multitudinous pimps and paramours, who are of course, all, all honourable men! Here is ample room for the Christian, the philanthropist, and the statesman. Would it not be well to cleanse your own Augean stables? What of the blasted hopes, the tortured and crushed feelings of the thousands of your wives whose whole lives are blighted through your intrigues and lasciviousness? What of the humiliation of your sons and daughters from whom you cannot hide your shame? What of the thousands of houseless and homeless children thrown ruthlessly, helplessly, and disgracefully upon the world as outcasts from society, whose fathers and mothers are alike ashamed of them and heartlessly throw them upon the public bounty, the living memorials of your infamy? What of your infanticide, with its murderous, horrid, unnatural, disgusting, and damning consequences? Can you legislate for these monogamic crimes, or shall Madame Restell and her pupils continue their public murders and no redress? Shall your fair daughters, the princesses of America, ruthlessly go on in sacrificing their noble children on the altar of this moloch—this demon? Where are we drifting to? This "bonehouse," this "powder magazine" is not in Salt Lake City, a thousand miles from your frontiers; it is in your own cities and towns, villages and homes. It carouses in your secret chambers, and flaunts in the public highway; it meets you in every corner, and besets you in every condition. Your infirmaries and hospitals are reeking with it; your sons and daughters, your wives and husbands are degraded by it. It extends from Louisiana to Minnesota, and from Maine to California. You can't hide yourselves from it; it meets you in your

magazines and newspapers, and is disgustingly placarded on your walls—a living, breathing, loathsome, festering, damning evil. It runs through your very blood, stares out of your eyes and stamps its horrid mark on your features, as indelibly as the mark of Cain; it curses your posterity, it runs riot in the land, withering, blighting, corroding and corrupting the life blood of the nation.

Ye American statesmen, will you allow this demon to run riot in the land, and while you are speculating about a little political capital to be made of Utah, allow your nation to be emasculated and destroyed? Is it not humiliating that these enormities should exist in your midst, and you, as statesmen, as legislators, as municipal and town authorities, as clergymen, reformers, and philanthropists, acknowledge yourselves powerless to stop these damning crimes that are gnawing at the very vitals of the most magnificent nation on the earth? We can teach you a lesson in this matter, polygamists as we are. You acknowledge one wife and her children; what of your other associations unacknowledged? We acknowledge and maintain all our wives and all of our children; we don't keep a few only, and turn the others out as outcasts, to be provided for by orphan asylums, or turned as vagabonds on the street to help to increase the fearfully growing evil. Our actions are all honest, open and above board. We have no gambling hells, no drunkenness, no infanticide, no houses of assignation, no prostitutes. Our wives are not afraid of our intrigues and debauchery; nor are our wives and daughters corrupted by designing and unprincipled villains. We believe in the chastity and virtue of women, and maintain them. There is not to-day, in the wide world, a place where female honour, virtue, and chastity, are so well protected as in Utah. Would you have us, I am sure you would not, on reflection, reverse the order of God, and exchange the sobriety, the chastity, the virtue, and honour of our institutions, for yours, that are so debasing, dishonourable, corrupting, defaming, and destructive? We have fled from these things, and with great trouble and care have purged ourselves from your evils. Do not try to legislate them upon us nor seek to engulf us in your damning vices.

You may say, "It is not against your purity that we contend; but against polygamy, which we consider a crying evil." Be it so. Why then, if your system is so much better, does it not bring forth better fruits? Polygamy, it would seem, is the parent of chastity, honour, and virtue; monogamy the author of vice, dishonour, and corruption. But you would argue these evils are not our religion; "we that are virtuous, are as much opposed to vice and corruption as you are." Then why don't you control it? We can and do. You have your Christian Associations, your Magdalen and Temperance Associations, all of which are praiseworthy. Your cities and towns are full of churches, and you swarm with male and female lecturers, and ministers of all denominations. You have your press, your national and state legislatures, your police, your municipal and town authorities, your courts, your prisons, your armies, all under the direction of Christian monogamists. You are a nation of Christians. Why are these things not stopped? You possess the moral, the religious, the civil and military power, but you don't accomplish it. It is too much to say, "Take the beam out of thine own eye and then shalt thou see clearly to remove the mote that is in thy brother's?"

Respectfully, &c.,

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We wish all our readers the usual compliments of this festive season, and that 1870 will be the best and happiest year of their lives so far, but that each subsequent and succeeding year will be still better and happier to them than its predecessor.

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